

LAZY LOCHLIN'S LUCK

The Story of a Man Who Didn't Know When He Was Well Off.

"In a list recently published in a little paper of the dust hunters who are soon due to emerge from the Cape country with pay dirt, I saw the name of George Edgar Locklin, a native figure of \$100,000 tucked there, and I was struck by the name. I had never heard of him, and I was curious to know what he had done to get so rich."

"I followed him into the Bon Ton, and he walked over to a table where a dealer was shuffling the deck preparatory to running a fresh boxful. There were four chubbies sitting at the table, and they were playing the game of two-bit chips, and they were playing the game of two-bit chips, and they were playing the game of two-bit chips."

"The chips were \$1 apiece at this second table. Lazy walked up to it, and he waited for the beginning of a new deal. After the deal was about a quarter of an hour, and the dealer was about to deal the next hand, he saw that Locklin was sitting at the table, and he was playing the game of two-bit chips, and he was playing the game of two-bit chips."

"I was trying to bust out of the circus business," Lazy replied, with a grin, and this looks like my kind of weather. "That's a grand system you've got. I said to him then, 'It's like matching nicks. You're bound to fall down on the next whiz or so. Why don't you pitch your \$32 and have some fun out of it?'"

"The show got into Leavenworth from Atchison over the wagon trail, for the two brothers who owned the outfit didn't waste any money on railroad transportation when dates could be made by wagon moves. The show had been making money right along since the beginning of the season, and yet when we got into Leavenworth the wages of all hands, from performers to tentmen, with the solitary exception of the two brothers, were not paid for months in arrears. I except myself for the reason that I was the ticket-seller. I got mine. The proprietor of the show didn't know it, but I got mine."

"All the rest, however, were up against it. They had got together in committees representing the different departments of the show on several occasions from the time the owners, for no apparent reason except hogishness, had begun to skip pay days, and they had duly registered their kicks, but they were connected to a standstill by the two brothers, who were smooth people and notorious in the business as salary forgetters. They scattered \$2 to the kick committee and paid the rest of the outfit in hot air. As the three-quarter-acre tent was jammed right along at afternoon and night performances with 25 and 50 cents and \$1 crowds, and no crowds, except to the press, the bunch couldn't see any excuse for this pay day shyness, and when it became a sure thing with them that they were being skinned, they got pretty ugly."

"There had been a big scrap at Atchison, several of the main performers refusing to go on at the afternoon performance without some of the government-printed green papers, where-with to mop the perspiration from their hands to prevent 'em from slipping. They growled a heap when the \$2 bill act was worked off on them by the proprietors, but they consented to go on when the two brothers solemnly promised to settle in full when the show struck Leavenworth."

"Now, Larry Locklin, the band boss, seemed to be the least bothered of the whole layout over the backwardness of salaries. He had a bad lot in his band, and the men approached him with pretty howls two or three times a day, but he told 'em that he wasn't the brakeman on the pay car, and that he'd like to have the price of a paper of punk tobacco paid, which he hadn't. Altogether there was a pretty furious lot of saw-dusters in the morning parade in Leavenworth, and as the parade was turned in there was a quick assemblage of all hands under the main tent that looked like trouble, and plenty of it, for the pair of old members who owned the play."

"For fifteen minutes there was all kinds of a chaw-bacon time under that canvas. The two brothers, each of whom was known to be worth close on to \$50,000, put on the poor mouth, said they neither of 'em had the price of a paper collar, swore that the show had been dropping \$500 a day since the beginning of the season—this was the case for me, standing on the outskirts of the bunch, to laugh, but I didn't—and a lot more like that. The windup was that they put their heads together, disappeared for a couple of minutes, and when they returned with a hand satchel lugged between them they declared a \$2 dividend until after the night performance, when they swore there'd be a proper settlement for all hands."

"When Lazy Locklin got his \$2 bill he walked outside the tent, looked at it for a minute reflectively, then, turning to one of the bandmen, he said:

"I'd like to knock off working for these two con men. But I can't make any place that's worth living in on this two-spot, can I?"

"The bandman derisively replied that Locklin might manage a railroad hike to Oklahoma or Potawatamie on the \$2, but Lazy didn't hear him. He thoughtfully stuck the bill into his vest pocket, and as it was only 11 o'clock in the morning and he had a couple of hours spare time before the afternoon show began, he hit the pike for the town of Leavenworth—the show was pitched on the outskirts. He didn't stop to take a drink or get a shave, but he made direct for the Bon Ton far bank on Shawnee street, which was then run wide open by a sport named Colonel Jamison. It happened to be down town myself just then, buying some chuck meat for the grub tent, and I saw Lazy when he

was entering the Bon Ton. I joined him, and asked him if it was his idea to put the Bon Ton out of business on his \$2 note."

"Nope," he replied, being amiable under all kinds of kidding. "I'm only going to cop out enough to take the trail on a choo-choo car for Arizona, if the box treats me right."

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low him around. He had stopped jamming his winnings into his vest pocket, but just gathered them up in a wad to carry along to the next layout. He coppered the six with his \$64, and the card came out to the left almost as soon as he got the money down."

"With his \$123 clutched in his hand he paraded on to the next table, the high limit layout where the big totoms were playing, but the whole bundle down on the six to win, and waited for action. There was no sign of a six until the box was mightily thin-looking, and it looked as if, even if the card did come right for Lazy, it would have to be the top boy of a split. But it came out right, and it wasn't on top of any split, either. A king was underneath, and there were three sixes, the last cards in the box, beneath the king. Lazy gathered up his \$256 in both hands and started for another table. I gave him a kick on the leg."

"Come on away," said I. "Don't be one of those things that are born sixty times an hour."

"It looks," replied Lazy, "that this is just naturally my kind of weather, and he shook himself loose from the clutch I had on him from all hands that morning."

"There was a \$200 limit on the high-play table, but Colonel Jamison, who had been watching Locklin's play with a good deal of amusement over his obvious amateurishness, passed the word along to the dealer at that table that the limit was removed for the circus show on the next play or so. Locklin pinched out \$56 and put the money away, and then he slapped \$200 on the six to lose, after watching three-quarters of a boxful dish out. It was his'n, and the dealer tacked \$200 onto the \$200 that Lazy had dropped onto his favorite card. Colonel Jamison looked a bit surprised by this time, and he followed after Lazy's movements with his eyes when the circus man failed to pick up the money."

"Is the limit still off?" Lazy asked Jamison.

"Jamison nodded, and Locklin flicked a copper onto the \$400 still resting on the six card. The coppered six came that way, and the dealer counted out \$400 from his drawer."

"If you're doubling every time," said Jamison, "the limit's off until my thumbs go down."

"I was so sore over Lazy's imbecility that I had to walk outside to cool off. I felt perfectly confident that he would be broke inside of twelve seconds or so, and I waited outside for him so that I could hand him the I-told-you-so. After about fifteen minutes I heard a cheer inside, and after a little delay Lazy came to the door and beckoned to me. He had made three more wins, doubling each time, and he had Colonel Jamison's check, payable on demand, for \$5,000, and notes and gold in both of the deep pockets of his duster to the amount of \$7,500. The cheer inside had broken out when Colonel Jamison, after writing the \$5,000 check, had told Lazy the limit was on again, whereupon Locklin, collecting his winnings, ceased play, I went with him to the bank across the way, where he cashed

the \$5,000 check. By this time it was close on to the time for the afternoon performance. My sub was selling tickets for me even then."

"Before I start out on the large and glittered drunk upon which I am about to embark," remarked Lazy then, "I think I'll take a little back at the circus business on my own hook."

"We hopped into a barouche and were driven out to the show grounds. The news of Lazy's huge winning was out there before we arrived, and Lazy got a cheer from all hands that sounded like a 'Hey, Rubel,' yelp. Lazy walked straight to the office tent of the two proprietors, said, 'How do de to them in an off-hand way, and then put his business before them.'

"You're going to pay off all hands now—right now, before the afternoon show—ain't you?" he asked the astonished pair."

"They looked at him with open mouths. They had been too busy to hear of Lazy's luck at the Bon Ton that morning."

"What the devil are you talking about?" one of them asked Locklin. "How long have you been the spokesman of the show?"

"Oh, just since I dropped in here," replied Lazy, coolly. "You're going to pay every man, woman and kid attached to the show every cent that you owe them right now, before the afternoon show, or I'm going to get them together in a bunch and give a free show on a vacant lot."

"The two brothers gave Lazy the hoot. They thought he was drunk. "Lazy, grinning, walked around to the dressing tents, where all of the performers were making up for the afternoon show, and he made them a little speech."

"I've just made a bluff to the bosses to have all salaries paid up before the afternoon show," he said. "And it isn't such a big bluff at that. I told 'em that if they didn't cough up every sum of back pay right now I'd get you all together, rig up a ring on a vacant lot somewhere in town and give a free-for-all hands show tonight. They gave me the laugh. I mean it. You all stand by me and refuse to go on without getting all your money, and if they don't come to town I'll pay all hands myself out of the bunch I've got up this morning. I undertake to do that. They've got a month's dates ahead with money in them and they can't afford a break-up, anyhow. Are you with me?"

"The two brothers who owned the show stood by and took the whole thing in with consternation on their faces—they had, in the meantime, heard of Lazy's big faro bank winning—and they looked like they were out on a limb."

"All salaries going to be paid right now?" Locklin asked them once more. "They were too much rattled to make any reply, and so Lazy beckoned to the band, which was standing near, to strike up a march. He took the head of the band, and away they marched down the pike for the town. Locklin motioning for the performers and employees to fall in behind. All hands did fall in, and Locklin led the whole outfit—as queer a procession as you ever saw—to a big vacant lot about half a mile from the circus grounds, where he gave the halt."

"Here's where we give the free show tonight," said Lazy then. "Throw the ring up, and I'll hustle down town to rent gear and announce the show."

"Everybody knew that Lazy's play was more or less of a bluff, but they also knew that he was game to stand for it in case the bluff didn't have the effect sought on the owners. Lazy hiked to a printing office, and he was writing a big dodger, thousands of copies of which he was going to have printed and distributed all over town, announcing that a free-for-all circus would be given on Pawnee street by the identical people who had, on that afternoon, quit the Blank Brothers' show because they hadn't been paid for two months when the two brothers rushed in and held him up. They had caved. Lazy's determination had got them going."

"We pay back salaries immediately, you loaffer," they said to him. "There are 2,000 people waiting now for the show to go on. We pay all salaries immediately, and you're fired."

"Oh, that's all right about mine," replied Lazy, with his insolent smile. "I'm not paning any. But I'll just go along with you to see that you dig up for all hands before the show goes on, all the same."

"And that's what Lazy did. The two brothers hustled into a rig and gathered all of the people on the vacant lot together, hurried them out to the show grounds in wagons, and when they got there all hands were paid off to the last nickel, each of 'em hustling away to his station upon getting the money. Then Lazy strolled out of the tent. He didn't come back; and when I saw him the next time, two years later, he was discussing sweet corn music in a San Francisco restaurant, without a moccasin bead to his name."

"He told me that his \$12,000 and odd tiger winning had lasted him all the way to Phoenix, Ariz., when he left the show, but I'm afraid Lazy wasn't telling me the truth about that. That was too long for him to keep money—two or three whole days. But here's a hoping that George Edgar, alias Lazy Locklin, has learned a few during the intervening years, and that the \$100,000 that they say he's nailed in the Alaska country'll keep him on the Phoenix-illuminated side of the Rue Dolce Far Niente until his cash-in-day arrives."

"TEACHERS' EXAMINATION" will begin at 9 a. m. on Thursday, Aug. 28, in the High school building. All stationery will be furnished. D. H. CHRISTENSEN, Chairman City Board of Examiners.

A Dark and Muddy Complexion does not become a neat woman. Lane's Tea will cure constipation, clear up the skin, sharpen the appetite and make you look and feel like a new person. It acts gently upon the stomach, liver and bowels. For sale by Godde-Pitts Drug company.

GARDNER DAILY STORE NEWS.

ABOUT WORK CLOTHES.

Some time since we said anything about them.

And yet one of the most important parts of our business.

We really ought to tell of them oftener. No better time than now, anyway.

So here we are:

Pants, Shirts, Gloves, Caps, Overalls, Jumpers, Aprons.

That's about the way of it.

In pants there is a wool stripe at \$1.50, a black worsted at \$1.50, and these are guaranteed to be acid proof, and a fine wool pants at \$2.00.

At \$1.00 and \$1.50 there are the Jeans—gray and black.

At \$1.50 there is a striped cotton, Sweet, Orr & Co.'s make; you know what they are.

Then the Corduroys at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00. The \$3.50 ones are black.

Shirts in black and black and white stripe or mixed colors—50c, 75c, \$1.00 up to \$2.50.

Gloves, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, and every pair guaranteed.

One Price. J. P. GARDNER, 136-138 Main St.



We Can MAKE YOU HAPPY!

We prepare medicine that will cure any Contagious Blood Poison, especially Syphilis, in 24 to 48 days, and if of recent contraction we will send medicine to any point, prepaid, that will cure you sound and well for \$2. No cure, no pay. Not a speck of mercury or potash used in any of our medicines. Also medicine sent anywhere to extract Tapeworms to your full satisfaction; then you pay \$2. For Piles—blind, bleeding or itching—for \$2. Tumors killed and driven away for from \$1 to \$5. Also medicine that will cure Lead or Smelter Poison in 10 to 30 days, or no pay. We manufacture medicine for many other diseases. All consultations free and strictly confidential. Send for symptom blank or call at 23 E. 4th St. Salt Lake City. U. S. PATENT. THE PALMER MEDICINE CO.

All Hailows College, FOR BOARDERS AND DAY SCHOLARS. Complete Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses, Military Drill and Gymnastics, under the supervision of experienced directors. The College will be reopened Thursday, Sept. 4. For full information apply to Rev. I. Guinan, S. M., president.

The Morning News of Big Boston Store

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1902.

Prices.

2,000 pairs men's, women's and children's traveling men's sample Shoes, Slippers and Oxford Ties.	
400 Velvet Rugs.	\$1.98
48c. 98c. \$1.48.	
2,000 yards Foulard Silk.	49c
1,000 yards 50c Wash Silk.	38c
500 90c Ladies' Wrappers.	43c
Best Calico made for.	4c
Best 8-oz. riveted Overalls for.	39c
Levi Strauss Overalls for.	49c
Men's Working Pants for.	89c
Good Outing Flannel for.	4c
Men's \$1.50 Fur Hats, for.	98c
Men's All Wool Clay Worsted 315 Suits.	\$7.95
Men's All Wool Suits for.	4.95
Men's Working Shirts for.	19c
Men's Heavy Shirts for.	49c
Men's Underwear for.	3.34
Men's \$2.00 Shoes for.	15c

GROCERIES.

Tomatoes, all kinds, per can.	10c
First-class Table Peaches, per can.	15c
Good Corn, per can.	84c
Best Leaf Lard, 3 lb. can.	45c
Best Leaf Lard, 5 lb. can.	70c
Best Leaf Lard, 10 lb. can.	\$1.35
Pine Sugar, Cured Ham.	15c
Breakfast Bacon.	16c
Dry salt Meats.	124c
Pork and Beans, 3 cans for.	25c
Pine Cream Cheese.	124c
Choice Creamery Butter.	25c
Best Almonds, per lb.	124c
Crockery and Granite ware at prices that beat the world.	
Fine Imported Cut Glass Water Pitchers.	19c
Best Cups and Saucers, per set.	48c
Best Granite Saw pans, each 12c, 20c, and.	35c
Best Granite Mugs.	98c
Cookers, 75c.	
Best Granite Tea Kettles.	90c

WHEN THE BRICKS BEGAN TO FALL.



JUST AS THEY FELL WITH A RUSH AND THUD.

So must the Goods mentioned on this page fall from shelves the coming week at Big Boston Store. The cause, in this case, will be plainly apparent—Falling Prices.

BIG BOSTON STORE, 212-14-16 S. West Temple St.

Prices.

Just received direct from New York City an elegant line of high grade Silk Skirts, sold everywhere for \$12.00 and \$15.00, our price...

Advance sale of LADIES' FUR BOAS. We have just received a large assortment of these goods. They are worth \$1.50 to \$3.00; our special, your choice for....

Ladies' Hats.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats. We have in this line some very stylish, up-to-date Hats, and as the season is almost over for Summer Hats, you can get them almost at your own price.

We have just received from the eastern markets a line of new Fall and Winter Felt Hats. Some very nobby and up-to-date styles.

Ladies' Night Gowns, yoke with insertion, neatly trimmed, good value for the money.....

Kulture \$3.50 Shoes. This line of shoes is something new and strictly up-to-date, comes in vic kid, patent vic kid, hand turned also in a well sewed extended sole, in either French or Military Heels, some grade that sells for \$5.00 every-where, every pair warranted and.....

A genuine Huck Towel, worth 25c each, our special price.....

An extra large bleached Turkish Bath Towel, sells everywhere for 35c and 40c, our special price.....

SPECIAL WHILE THEY LAST A good full sized Pillow Case, worth 15c, our special price.....

GROCERIES.

Fine Pickles, per bottle.	10c
Fine Catsup, 2 bottle for.	25c
Large bottle Washing Ammonia.	10c
20lbs. dry granulated Sugar.	\$1.00
Best Mocha and Java Coffee, worth 40c, here.	25c
High Grade Coffee, worth 25c, here.	15c
Arbuckle's Coffee, per package.	124c
Best package Tea, worth 25c.	10c
Best Copper Bottom Nickel-plated Kettles.	98c
Best Galvanized Tubs, 65.	75c
Best Granite Milk Pans, each.	20c
Best Granite Dish Pans, 75c.	85c